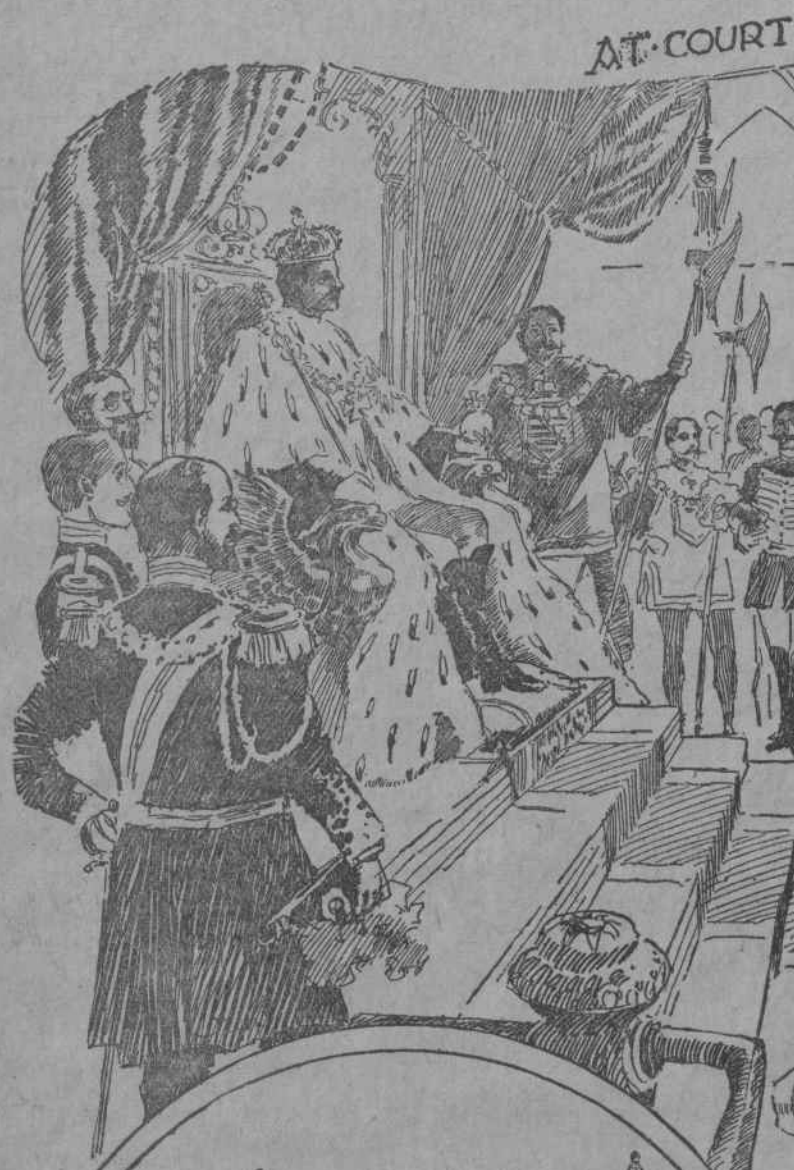


A FUTURE KING GIVES UP HIS THRONE FOR THE SLUMS OF WHITECHAPEL.

The Gorgeous Luxury of the Royal Court.

The Wretchedness and Misery of the Slums.



AT COURT



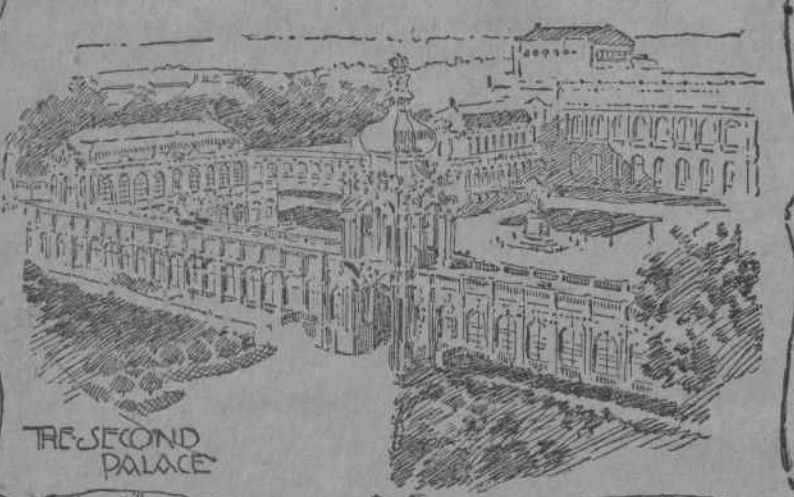
PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY



IN THE SLUMS.



ROYAL PALACE AT DRESDEN



THE SECOND PALACE



THE PRESENT KING OF SAXONY

A PRINCE near in the line of succession to an important European throne has renounced his right of succession, his rank and all its privileges to labor as a priest in the most miserable region in the world.

Within a few weeks this transformation has taken place, which is not surpassed by anything in the early days of the Church, when Roman patriars were martyred for their devotion to the new faith, or the days of the crusades, when great nobles sold themselves into beggary to deliver the sepulchre of Christ.

These men acted under the impulse of great movements that were stirring humanity, but Prince Max of Saxony was guided only by his own conscience when he gave up his royal rank to become a priest in Whitechapel.

A dry legal document signed less than two months ago in the royal palace at Dresden, tells part of the story. It reads as follows:

"We, Max, Duke of Saxony, having been consecrated to the holy priesthood, do hereby renounce for all time, with the restrictions hereafter mentioned, all rights appertaining to us as a prince of the royal house of Saxony, under the decree of September 4, 1831, relating to the succession to the throne, to the administration of the kingdom, to participation in the royal family council, and to membership in the upper house of the Legislature, and also under the royal house decree of December 30, 1837, relating to money allowances, suite and the succession in the collateral line. This renunciation shall be ineffective if at any time, the Saxon royal throne being vacant, we shall be the only surviving prince of the royal house of Saxony.

"Dresden, August 1, 1896."

But this document tells only half the story. In it the prince renounces his privileges, but it leaves you free to suppose that he will enter the priesthood of his native land and rise with rapidity and honor to the highest place in the Saxon hierarchy. It does not, of course, intimate that he will be a priest in filthy Whitechapel. What is more, the prince gave no public intimation that he would do so. The German papers, which recorded his entry into the Church as a remarkable fact had no knowledge of his intention.

The young prince was as modest as he was devoted. He tried to divest his great renunciation of any theatrical effect as far as that was possible. The next time that he was spoken of in the newspapers he had preached to the Germans of Whitechapel, telling them that he came among them as a priest, not a prince, and that he wished them to call him "Father Max."

Before going further, it will be well to tell exactly what position this young man occupies in the royal family of Saxony. He is the nephew of the present King Albert of Saxony, and the son of the King's brother and heir presumptive, Prince George.

His father, Prince George, has two sons older than Prince Max, but only one of them has children. Therefore, although there are several lives between Prince Max and the throne, only the children of his elder brother would be likely to divert the eventual succession from him. His chances of succeeding to the throne were very considerable before his renunciation—equal, in fact, to those of the present Duke of York when he was a boy of succeeding to the English throne. Prince Max has a younger brother, to whom his right of succession will pass.

The young priest's full name is Maximilian William Augustus Albert Charles Gregory Otto. He was born at Dresden, November 17, 1870. Before preparing for the priesthood he was a lieutenant in the First Regiment of Saxon Uhlans, which bears the name of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. He had already gained by the ordinary process of study and examination the degree of doctor of laws, a somewhat unusual thing for a prince.

He was not more than a year in the army, and during that time his inclinations had turned to a different kind of life. There were no small difficulties to hinder a prince of less than twenty-three years, near in succession to the throne, from becoming a priest. King Albert, although he is a devout Catholic and has a reputation for easy good nature, was strongly opposed to his nephew's proposed course. His father, Field Marshal Prince George, however, was early brought to his son's side. Prince Max was very persistent, and in 1893 the King gave his consent. The decision was announced to the Pope, who sent his blessing.

Prince Max put off the uniform of his regiment of lancers in 1893, and assumed the black garb of a theological student. He entered the Seminary of Eichstätt. On July 28 of this year he was received into the priesthood by Dr. Wahl, Vicar Apostolic of Saxony, and on August 1 he celebrated his first mass in Dresden. The whole royal family was present, and the robe which he wore was the work of Queen Caroline of Saxony. After the ceremony the royal family and the Cabinet Ministers assembled at the palace, where the deed of renunciation already printed was signed.

Within a month of this time it was learned that Prince Max of Saxony was a working priest in Whitechapel, the East London district which contains more poverty, misery, filth and crime than any area of equal extent in the world. In Whitechapel there are tens of thousands of German-speaking people, and they are not among the least miserable of its population. The English workmen complain that the Germans are starving by underbidding, and the Germans can therefore have no easy time.

It must have been a sickening change from the beautiful and pleasant city of Dresden, with its palaces, to the overwhelming misery of Whitechapel. There are poverty and misery in Dresden, but they do not obtrude on a royal prince. In Whitechapel one can see nothing else.

The prince is attached to the Church of St. Boniface, in Union street, which is in the heart of Whitechapel. Over the door of his confessional box is written: "Father Max."

His first sermon dealt simply with religion as applied to the

affairs of daily life, and contained nothing peculiarly personal. He showed himself an eloquent preacher. He is able to speak English almost as well as German.

In appearance he is of middle height, with a large head and a very high forehead. His military training has given him erectness of carriage, but he is obviously delicate. He has fair hair, which is growing thin on the forehead, and blue eyes. The expression of his face is very spiritual and gentle.

On the evening of his first Sunday in Whitechapel he attended a meeting of the Gesellenverein, or Workmen's Club, attached to the Mission of St. Boniface. Speeches were made welcoming him, and in reply he said:

"I come among you not as a Prince, but simply as a priest. I am a worker myself, for to my mind no honor is so great as that of labor."

Take a brief glance at the district in which the Saxon Prince is to labor. The best obtainable statistics are those of Mr. Charles Booth, who is also quoted as an authority by General William Booth, of the Salvation Army. He gives the entire population of the East End of London as 908,000, and of these 231,000 are in want. He divides them as follows: Starving, 100,000; paupers, 17,000; homeless, 11,000; very poor, 203,000. The vast misery represented by these figures is nowhere more intense than in Whitechapel.

"Tens of thousands," writes a worker, "are crowded together amid horrors which call to mind what we have heard about the middle passage of the slave ships. To get into their homes you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malarious gases, arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions, and often flowing beneath your feet—courts, many of them, which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and are rarely visited by a drop of cleansing water."

"You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the nursery. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which thousands of human beings—who belong as much as you to the race for whom Christ died—herd together."

"Have you pitied the poor creatures who sleep under railway arches, in carts or casks, or under any shelter which they can find in the open air? You will see that they are to be envied in comparison with those whose lot it is to seek refuge here."

"Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement houses contains a family, often two. In one cellar a sanitary inspector reports finding a father, mother, three children and four pigs. In another room a missionary found a man ill with smallpox, his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room. Elsewhere is a poor widow, her three children, and a dead child, who has been dead thirteen days. Her husband, who was a cabman, had shortly before committed suicide. Here lives a widow and six children, including one daughter of twenty-nine, another of twenty-one and a son of twenty-seven. Another apartment contains father, mother and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever."

"In another nine brothers and sisters, from twenty-nine years of age downward, live, eat and sleep together."

"There is a mother who turns her children into the street in the early evening because she lets her rooms for immoral purposes until long after midnight, when the poor little wretches creep back again if they have not found some shelter elsewhere. Where there are beds they are simply heaps of dirty rags, shavings or straw, but for the most part these miserable beings find rest only upon the filthy boards."

It is also to be remembered that Whitechapel was a few years ago the scene of the most sickening series of murders known in modern times.

Turn from this picture of unrelieved misery to a brief description of Dresden and its royal palaces, in which the priest of Whitechapel might have sumptuous apartments.

The royal palace, rebuilt in 1543 by Duke George and frequently augmented, is a great building of irregular shape. It is surrounded by a tower 287 feet high, the highest in Dresden.

The interior of the palace is embellished with beautiful frescoes by Bendemann, completed in 1845. In the ballroom are scenes from Greek mythology, procession of Bacchus and allegorical figures of poetry, music, dancing, architecture, sculpture and painting; the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, Nuptials of Thetis, and Apollo in the chariot drawn by swans. In the throne room or banquet hall the four estates are represented in scenes from the history of the Emperor Henry I., who was of the Saxon royal family.

The green vault on the ground floor contains one of the most valuable existing collections of curiosities—jewels, trinkets and small works of art, dating chiefly from the late Renaissance and Rococo periods. The German goldsmiths' work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the enamels of Limoges and the arts of ivory carving and crystal cutting are particularly well represented.

In the palace chapel are pictures by Rembrandt, Poussin, Guido Reni, Annibal Carracci and many others.

Another famous palace is the Zwingler, a very elaborate Renaissance structure built for Augustus II., who fancied that he resembled Louis XIV. of France. It is now used as a museum. Connected with it is the museum which has a worldwide fame, because it contains Raphael's Sistine Madonna.

The museum contains altogether about 2,500 pictures. Among the other artists are Titian, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Guallo Romano, Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Ruydael and Teniers. The collection ranks with that of the Louvre as the finest in the world. The Prince's palace, built in 1715, has a fine chapel, some famous pictures and a library of 20,000 volumes.



A STREET ROW



TRAMPS' LODGING HOUSE



THE PRISON



THE TREADMILL